

T W O
L Y R I C E S S A Y S.

BEING,

I. AN ODE TO GENIUS.

II. AN ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

— *Si me Lyricis Vatribus inferes,
Sublimi feriam Sidera vertice.*

H O R.

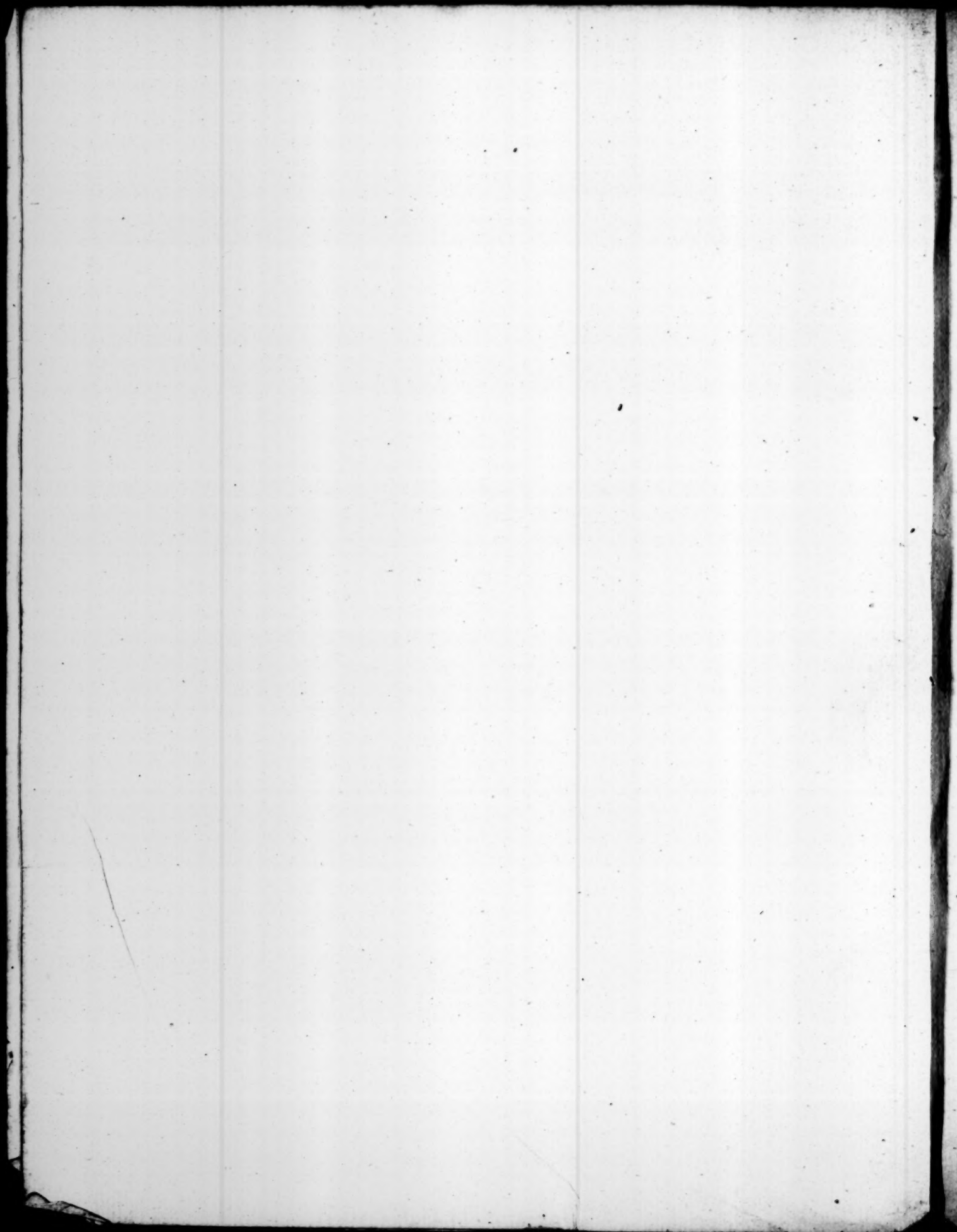
L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXII.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Author of these little Performances thinks it necessary, to secure himself against the too rigid Hand of Criticism, and, as an Apology for their Defects, to declare, that they were written at his Entrance into his Eighteenth Year.



O D E
T O
G E N I U S.

TO thee, who midst the festal Shades
Of laurel'd PINDUS lov'st to sport,
Where, circled by th' Aonian Maids,
The tuneful PHOEBUS holds his Court :

To thee my earliest Strains are sung,
No Wreaths as yet my Temples bind,
As yet my Lyre has ne'er been strung,
Tho' Dreams of Fancy fill'd my Mind.

B

S T R O-

S T R O P H E.

When lost to all her former fire,
Rome saw her letter'd Fame expire,
And GENIUS, once a Name belov'd,
Far from her pensive Groves remov'd,
Those Groves where Freedom often stray'd,
To court with thee the peaceful Shade ;
But Freedom fled, couldst thou abide,
So nearly both by Fate ally'd !
For Britain's wild untutor'd Shore,
Where Nature only spread her Store,
Thou left'st the Land by Heaven resign'd
To Discord, Scourge of Human kind.
Old Ocean and the Nereids came
From their green Caves to hail thy Name;

While

ODE TO GENIUS.

7

While echoing to the Waters round,
The Tritons bade their Shells resound :
Our Isle, with Joy, beheld the Train,
That came to share thy blisful Reign ;
Saw Ignorance with Faction bred,
Along in haughty Triumph led,
And Sloth, that seem'd no Shame to feel,
Dragg'd slow behind the Chariot-wheel :
Each Muse around did fill the Sky
With Strains of various Minstrelsy,
While Fame, who loves to grace thy Side,
Oft to her Mouth the Trump apply'd.

EPODE..

E P O D E.

Not long o'er this much-favor'd Shore,
Had GENIUS own'd a lawful Sway,
Before, like bursting Rays, his Power
Shot thro' the dark'ning Clouds to Day :

Those Gothic Piles were yet rever'd,
In which the Vandal's Hand was known,
And baseless Structures yet appear'd,
By Zeal and Madness rais'd alone :

These to destroy, and every Mind
To free from Error's misty Reign,
Thy Pity, GENIUS, first design'd,
And first unloos'd the shameful Chain.

To

To equal those fair Athens bred,
Renown'd for Science, Arts, and Wit,
And those, who o'er Aufonia spread
That Fame which Time can ne'er remit :

He bade 'mongst Britain's artless Race,
The Muse her fav'rite Son inspire ;
And soon behold, with various Grace,
Each youthful Bard attempts the Lyre :

The hoary Druids hymn'd no more
In silent Gloom their mystic Lay,
Their Harps the War-stain'd EDWARD tore,
Far from their mourning Groves away.

ODE TO GENIUS.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

But, GENIUS, see the sportive * Bard,
 Who thine and Fancy's Power has shar'd,
 To simple Swains, the Woods among,
 † *Fierce Wars and faithful Loves*, he sung;
 Around him airy Shapes are seen,
 Led by their little Magic Queen,
 While, ever dwelling on his Strain,
 The Graces join the mirthful Train.
 He 'twas who first thy Lessons taught,
 And breath'd the wildly-pleasing Thought.
 And see, where plac'd in awful State,
 While subject Passions round him wait,

* SPENCER.

† "Fierce Wars and faithful Loves shall moralize my Song."
 This Verse closes the first Stanza in the Fairy Queen.

That

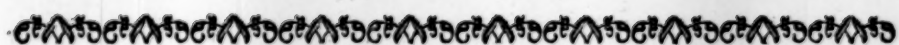
ODE TO GENIUS.

11

That Bard, whom thou and Heaven design'd
 The lasting Pride of Human kind :
 Oh ever could my constant Lay
 To his sweet Shrine a Tribute pay ;
 Him Nature form'd her darling Boy,
 And bade him all her Force employ
 To raise the Soul, and mend the Heart,
 And Grief and Joy by Turns impart.
 Her Likeness oft, so wondrous true
 His heaven-directed Pencil drew,
 That Men who saw the Work so fair,
 Believ'd the Goddess self was there.
 In earliest Times, whatever Breast
 Thy sacred Spirit e'er possess'd,
 On none were such bright Gifts bestow'd,
 For none like SHAKESPEAR'S Bosom glow'd.

Oh

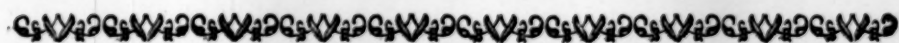
Oh GENIUS, where would end the Strain,
Should I recount thy favor'd Train,
To each th' indebted Homage pay,
On whom thy Beams were wont to play ?
But grant me Power divine to feel
That Spirit thou canst still reveal,
And I, tho' yet unknown to Fame,
May hail in worthier Lays thy Name.



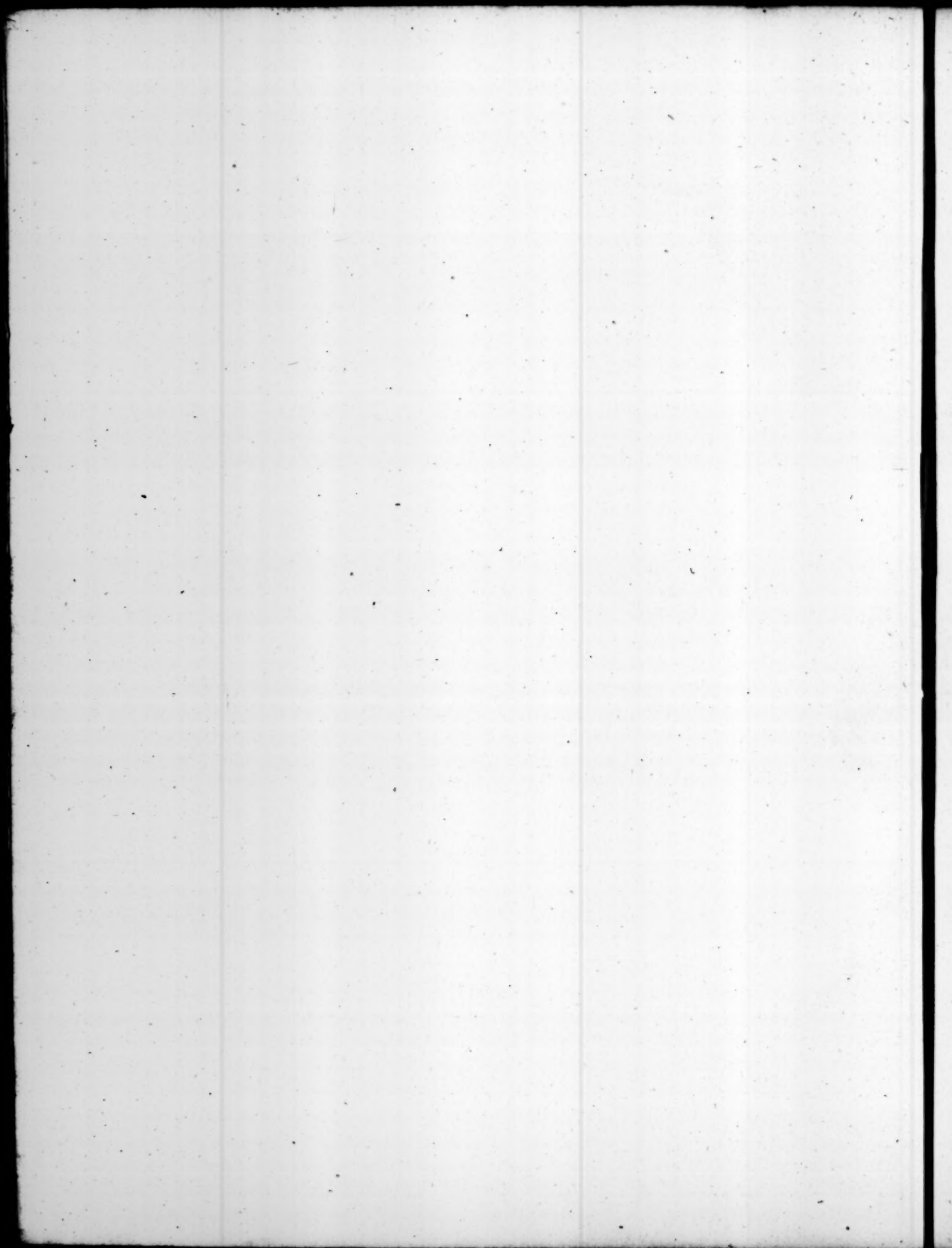
O D E

T O

I N D E P E N D E N C E .



D



O D E
T O
I N D E P E N D E N C E.

S T R O P H E.

O H thou that canst with Ease controul
The Sallies of the free-born Soul,
Canst humble proud Ambition's Claim
To Grandeur, Wealth, and noisy Fame,
And bid the swelling Passion laid,
No more the Walks of Life invade:

Fair

16 ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

Fair Freedom's Son, whose lenient Sway
Adoring Mortals pleas'd obey,
While Fancy to my ravish'd Eye
Presents thy friendly Deity,
Oh let a Spark of Theban Fire
Thy humble Votary inspire,
To tell the golden Bliss they share,
Who live protected by thy Care.

E P O D E.

Now while the rosy Light of dawning Youth
Begins the various Paths of Life to shew,
Where lie direct th' unwinding Ways of Truth,
The Hills of Happiness, and Vales of Woe :

Those

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE. 17

Those Velvet Paths, that to th' alluring Bowers
Of sleepy Indolence and Quiet lead,
Where softest Music lulls the listless Hours,
And crimson Poppies strew the Wanderer's Bed ;

And those whereup the sweating Trav'ler moils,
The Steps of Perseverance, labouring fore,
Where oft, like Sisyphus, he back recoils,
And loses many a Step he gain'd before.

Whether by Prudence fairest Precepts led,
Or urg'd by Genius, I those Walks pursue,
That ope to active public Scenes ; or tread
Those less frequented, less expos'd to view ;

E

Do

18 ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

Do thou, Dispenser of sincerest Bliss,
Nurse in my Breast those Sparks of heavenly Fire,
That all my End and Aim alone be this —
To act unbias'd, or unaw'd retire.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Ah why shouldst thou thy Gifts deny
To Sons of Verse and Harmony,
Thou chear'st alone the drooping Muse,
And canst sublimest Strains infuse
Into the high-enraptur'd Soul
Of Genius, spurning all Controul:

Ah

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE. 19

Ah why didst thou, unkind, disdain
To loose that fetter'd * Bard, whose Strain
Flow'd strong and clear with Sense's Stream,
Reflecting Fancy's golden Beam,
Whose Lay, old Thames his Head would rear
Above the whisp'ring Reeds to hear,
And from the Coral Caves, the Sound
Would call the watry Nymphs around :
Such Magic had his tuneful Shell,
He might have charm'd the Dog of Hell,
And back from foul Avernus led,
Another of the dreary Dead,

* DRYDEN.

But

20 ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

But a worse Fiend to charm had he,
The ruthless Maiden, Poverty,
Who oft those kindling Fires suppress'd,
That glow'd within the Poet's Breast :
By some lorn Stream, on grassy Pillow,
His Harp suspended on a Willow,
Reclin'd and pensive would he be,
And oft prefer his Prayer to thee :
Still was the Boon withheld by Fate,
Still curs'd he liv'd beneath the Great.
Nor he alone of all th' inspir'd
Remain'd neglected tho' admir'd :
Behold another tuneful Wight,
Whose Fancy form'd the wondrous Knight,
A mirth-

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE. 21

A mirthful Bard of comic Fame,
(The Muse must smile at BUTLER'S Name :)
Oh may we all his Zeal defend,
Who strove his Country's Faults to mend,
For him as well the Laurel grows,
As him who quells a Nation's Foes ;
To Patriots is the Wreath decreed ——
Not less the Bard's than Victor's Meed.
Yet tho' he saw on Albion's Shore,
When civil Discord rag'd no more,
A State o'erwhelm'd, and prostrate lie
In all the Tide of Luxury,
And tho' a listless Monarch lov'd
The Verse, that all Mankind approv'd,

F

His

22 ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

His ever adverse Stars denied

Life's smallest Wants to be supplied.

But ah ! how blest that equal State,

That scorns the Smiles and Frowns of Fate :

Unenvying sees the Wretch that goes

O'er sad Siberia's Waste of Snows,

And him who ploughs the billowy Main,

In dreary Travel after Gain ;

Him too who digs with ceaseless Toil

Near Ganges Wave, the Indian Soil,

In Search of Nature's Wealth below,

The Diamond's Glare, and Ruby's Glow.

I ask

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE. 23

I ask but this, nor this refuse
Fair Freedom's Son, to court the Muse
In some unseen sequestred Vale,
Where no unruly Passions dwell ;
There oft when careless, blythe and free,
I'll sing an artless Strain to thee.

THE END.

